The Camden Journal.

VOL. XLIX. CAMDEN, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1890. NO. 5.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

Their world was a world of enchantment;
A wonder of luminous light
Came out with a flaring of carmine,
From all the black spaces of night;
The music of morn was as blithesome
And cheery as music could be;
But all through the dawn and the daybreak
I mourned for the song of the sea.

They showed me the marvelous flowers
And fruits of their sun-beaten lands;
They said, "Here are vine-tangled valleys;
Forget ye the barren white sands;
For a weariness unto the spirit
The dash of the breakers must be;
So dwell ye beside our blue waters;
Forget the sad song of the sea."

And I wrapped me about in the sunlight,
On the marge of a dimpling stream,
And there in a tangle of lilies,
I wove me a wonderful dream;
And a song from my dreamland went floating
Far up where the angels must be,
But deep in its under vibrations
I heard the sweet song of the sea.

With the dew in his locks all a-glitter,
The Prince of the Daytime lay dead;
For the silver-white lance of the twilight
Smote off the gold crown from his head;
And the Princess of Night came to see him,
Her lights all about him to hang;
And a nightingale screened in the thicket
His song to the slumberer sang.

And the stream from the tangle of lilies
Came winding its way through the sedge;
And a silvery nocturne it rippled
Among the tall flags on its edge;
But its babble I fain would have given,
For the sleep-wooing sea voices' lull,
And the nightingale's song would have bartered
For the desolate cry of a gull.

Their world was a world of enchantment;
And they laughed with the laughter of scorn,
When I turned me away from its beauty
In the light of the luminous morn;
But I heard a grand voice in the distance
Insistently calling to me,
And I rose with a jubilant spirit
And followed the song of the sea.

—*Hattie Whitney, in Belford's Magazine.*

A Patchwork Quilt.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Have you anywhere about your house, amidst your counterpanes and comfortables which you looked at five minutes before buying, perhaps, one of those old-fashioned patchwork quilts made of the tiniest pieces, arranged in the most intricate patterns, over which at least one pair of eyes were strained for days and weeks before quilting time came, and all those puffy little diamonds were marked out, amidst chat and laughter, by half-a-dozen ladies? Did you ever, in childhood, sit upon the bed and hear the history of the various pieces of chintz?

That's a piece of your first colored dress; that I had when I was a girl; that was your grandmother's morning-gown; that is a piece Miss S—— gave me. I have heard such a history many a time, and little pictures used to pass before my eyes with the words. I could see just how grandma looked in the morning-gown. I could see myself a baby, taking toddling steps in the blue frock. It seemed so funny to have been a baby—when I was an important person of five years. It doesn't seem half so funny now, for I have begun to doubt whether I shall ever be anything else, and to know just how many big babies there are in this world.

Dear old patchwork quilts? We've lost something in losing them, I think, and probably Mrs. Mumford thought so, too, for whenever any of her children were found sitting with those idle hands, for which Dr. Watts declares that Satan always finds some mischief, she invariably remarked: "You'd better get your patchwork."

They always obeyed, those three little girls, Lucy, Ruth and Olive, and there were piles of quilts in the upstairs room where spare bedding was stored—quilts of many colors, quilts of only two, quilts with large, square blocks, and quilts with intricate patterns, like a Chinese puzzle, quilts that had been made by people in their nineties, and quilts that had been made by people who could not yet say: "I am nine years old." Piecing a quilt was the first work and the last of the members of the Mumford family. I think an ancestor made some patches on board of the Mayflower. At least, it was said so.

When a young person married, a dowry of quilts had always been provided—always would be while Mrs. Mumford lived. When Olive was fifteen, she had been told that the white and Turkey red quilt which her great-grandmother had made was to be among her share, as the eldest daughter of the house. She laughed then, and said:

"I shall always stay at home with you, mamma. I shall be the old maid daughter."

A year afterward she did not think this, whatever she might have said, for the year had made her feel that she was no longer a child, and she had met Harry Martin, who had put an engagement ring on Olive's finger, and, if all went well, her seventeenth birthday would find her a matron.

Nothing like seeing your children settled before you are broken down yourself," said the mother; and thereupon began to teach Olive the higher mysteries of pastry. Plain cooking every girl of that family quite understood.

A lover always takes great interest in his lady's handiwork. Harry regarded all the little pieces of sewing which passed through Olive's hands with immense admiration, and the homely patchwork was just as fine in his eyes as anything else; and there was often much talk about the pieces, and, once or twice, he had cut them out, after the cardboard patterns, loving to meddle with anything that she was busy with, in old true lover's fashion.

One evening, when he went in, he found the girl looking, as an artist might look at a rare old master, at a long breadth of old-fashioned, flowered chintz.

"Mother has just given me this, Harry," she said. "It is like a gown of old Aunt Hepsiba's. It shimmers like silk, and see how fine it is. But fancy wearing such large patterns. Look! a butterfly on a bough, and a rose, and a butterfly on a bough again, and then another rose, like wall paper. The difficulty will be," said Olive, pausing to consider, "how to get the pattern into a patch without spoiling it."

"I'll help you," said Harry; and to work he went, and for a pleasant hour or two he kept cutting patches. A bud and a butterfly on one, a rose on the other, bud and butterfly, and rose again.

"And he has not spoiled one, mamma," said Olive, in a tone of pride. "I'm sure I should have cut a dozen butterflies' heads off, if I had tried."

So the young things laughed over their exploits, and then slipped merrily away to have their lovers' chat where nobody could listen.

It was the last. The next day, Harry Martin was missing, and with him a large sum of money from his employers' safe. The news spread through the country town like wild-fire. Harry was an orphan, and the son of an old friend of the head of the firm. It was understood that they would be merciful, but his character was blighted forever.

No one doubted his guilt but Olive. She steadfastly declared him innocent.

Weeks passed on, and there was no news of him—at least, none that reached the Mumford's ears; but one night, when Mrs. Mumford went out to the cow-house to see that Crummie was safe for the night, some one came out of the darkness, and called to her.

"Who is that?" cried the lady, her heart giving one great throb.

"It's I—Harry," said a well-known voice. "Oh! Mrs. Mumford, let me see Olive."

"Harry Martin!" said Mrs. Mumford. "Oh! Harry Martin, you've made a sad home of mine!" And she broke into tears.

"And you all believed it at once?" said Harry, sadly. "I didn't think you would."

"Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Mumford, "Satan tempts us all. I'm sorry for you, but you can't see Olive. It's better for her you shouldn't. She was very fond of you, Harry."

"And she has turned against me, too, then?" said the young man.

"You don't blame her, poor lamb," said Mrs. Mumford. "A girl like that can't have anything to do with one that has disgraced himself."

"Love is more stedfast," said Harry. "Evil reports could not have won me from Olive."

Then, without another word, he went away—and such a hold have homely things upon our memory sometimes, that, as he went, he saw the pretty household picture he had last seen beneath the roof that now refused to welcome him, as plainly as we see things in dreams; his love, with her dark curls about her face and the needle in her hands, and the skein of thread about her neck; a brigat lamp burning upon the table, and on the other side, himself cutting out pieces for patchwork from a pasteboard pattern, and laying in a little brilliant pile, squares and triangles, on which were a rose and a butterfly upon a flowering branch, a butterfly on a flowering branch, and a full blown rose alternately.

A Western editor speaks of a wind that "just sat up on its hind legs and howled." Such a wind it must have been that was howling through the bleak Maine country twenty years from the night on which Harry Martin turned from the Mumfords' door and went his way alone.

The inn or tavern or hotel, whichever it was, which bore the name of T. Jolliver upon its signboard, was not expecting any guests that night, but, nevertheless, one came to its doors—came late, too, as the clocks were striking ten, and people generally thinking of bed.

The guest was a man of forty, with a sad sort of face—a face with a story in it. But he was well dressed, and evidently no poor traveler. He had supper in the best parlor, and, meanwhile, a fire was made in the best bedroom, in which, when he made his way thither, he found a buxom, youngish woman spreading an extra counterpane upon the bed.

"Good evening, sir," she said, turning toward him with a manner that bespoke the landlady. "I thought I'd see that you were comfortable myself. I never leave everything to chambermaids. When I married a hotel-keeper, I made up my mind to help him, and there's no such way of making guests feel discouraged as turning them over to help. And I've given you my prettiest quilt, too," said she, with a laugh. "There's an honor."

The gentleman looked toward the bed. The quilt was patchwork. It had a wide striped border, but in the center the blocks were all the same—bright chintz alternated with white—a butterfly on a branch, a rose, a butterfly on a branch, and a rose again.

The man took a fold of it up in his hand, and looked at it, as men do not often look at patchwork quilts. The woman bubbled on.

"We're great for patchwork in our family. Such a pile as we had of these quilts at home. Sister Ruth had twenty when she was married, but I had fifty. My other sister gave me her share, seeing that I married a hotel-keeper, and she thinks she'll never marry. Oh, dear! There's a story in a good many quilts, if you did but know it; and there is a story in this. It's the last one Olive ever made. But I'm boring you, sir."

"No, go on," said the gentleman. Go on, please."

"She was engaged," said the landlady, "and she was but sixteen. One afternoon, she and her sweetheart cut out these blocks, the next they parted. He was suspected of a crime—of robbery, sir, if I must say it—and she never saw him again. She knew that he was innocent. She said that all the angels in heaven couldn't make her doubt it, but no one else thought with her until a year had gone by, and then an old confidential clerk, who was trusted in everything, being caught in another theft, confessed to that which my sister's sweetheart had been accused of. The story he had told to his employers of being knocked down in the streets of New York, where he went that holiday afternoon, and being thought drunk, and put into a station house, and being ashamed to give his name next morning, and too sick to come home next day, was no doubt true. His employers advertised for him, but in vain. And mother owned to sending him away from the door when he came to see Olive. It is a sad story. Olive can't seem to like any one else, and the poor fellow was so fond of her. So that's the story of the quilt."

The woman stopped and gave a little cry, for the guest had flung himself upon his knees, and was kissing that patchwork quilt as lovers kiss their sweetheart's lips.

She gave another little cry in a moment, and knelt down beside him, and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed, crying hard herself. "Oh, dear! I do believe it is Harry Martin."

And it was Harry Martin, who had been to the far ends of the earth and had found gold, but not happiness, believing himself robbed forever of love and of fair repute, and who had returned to find both awaiting him, through the means of that patchwork quilt, with its butterflies and flowering boughs and roses.

"Lucy" said Olive to her sister, a few months afterward, "now that we are going to housekeeping, I want you to give me one thing."

"Anything on earth that I can," said Mrs. Jolliver. "I was thinking of a silver service."

"Oh, Lucy, dear," said Olive, beginning to cry for very happiness, "it's only the butterfly quilt that I want. The dear old quilt. Harry says we can't keep house without it, we both love it so."

"I've rolled it up for you already," said Mrs. Jolliver. "It seems to belong to you, Olive."

And so to-day Olive's last baby sits upon the brilliant quilt, and tries, with his chubby fingers, to pull therefrom the butterflies and roses.—*The Ledger.*

The Musical Sense in Animals and Men.

The higher animals can also enjoy music, as my house-cat shows, when she comes at the playing of the piano to sit by the player, and sometimes jumps into her lap or on the key-board of the instrument. I know of a dog, too, in a family in Berlin, which comes in in like manner when there is music, often from distant rooms, opening the door with his paw. I knew of another dog, usually thoroughly domestic, which occasionally played the vagabond for love of music. Whenever the semi-annual mass was celebrated in the city he could not be kept at the house. As soon as the so-called Bergknappen, which were accustomed to play at this time in the streets, appeared, he would run away and follow them from morning till evening.

Evidently neither cats nor dogs, nor other animals that listen to human music, were constituted for the appreciation of it, for it is not of the slightest use to them in the struggle for existence. Moreover, they and their organs of hearing were much older than man and his music. Their power of appreciating music is therefore an uncontemplated side-faculty of a hearing apparatus which has become on other grounds what we find it to be. So it is, I believe, with man. He has not acquired his musical hearing as such, but has received a highly developed organ of hearing by a process of selection, because it was necessary to him in the selective process; and this organ of hearing happens also to be adapted to listening to music.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Heroic Deed of a Telegraph Operator.

A delegate to the recent Convention of the Order of Railway Telegraphers of America in New York city who attracted much attention was Charles Adams, of Youngstown, Ohio. At one time when he was in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., Adams found a freight train directly in the way of a fast express on the main line, and at that very moment the instruments in his office broke down without warning. Unless the freight train was headed off and got on a siding a dreadful disaster was inevitable. The anxious operator fortunately was equal to the emergency. He climbed the nearest pole, cut a wire and brought it down. Then he took his stand on the steel rails of the track, and made a connection through his body. Calling up the next station, he received the response by holding the end of the wire to his tongue. In this way he sent and received dispatches and saved the express. The pain was excrutiating, and his tongue was badly burned. Such is the stuff out of which heroes and martyrs are made.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Frederick's Tall Regiment.

Frederick the Great, of Prussia, formed a regiment of the tallest men he could procure, and insisted on their marrying the tallest women they could find, with a view of producing a giant race of guards; but in this he was unsuccessful. Voltaire says that these men were his greatest delight. Those who stood in the front rank were none of them less than seven feet high, and he ransacked Europe and Asia to add to their number. There is a somewhat apocryphal story that Frederick was once reviewing his regiment of giants in the presence of the French, Spanish and English Ambassadors, and that he asked each of these in turn whether an equal number of their countrymen would care to engage with such soldiers. The French and Spanish Ambassadors politely replied in the negative; but the English Ambassador replied that, while he did not venture to assert that an equal number of his countrymen would beat the giants, he was perfectly sure that half the number would try.—*All the Year Round.*

HYPNOTISM.

MEDICAL MEN OF EUROPE INTERESTED IN THE SUBJECT.

An Eye Witness's Account of Some Marvelous Tests—Theories of Dr. Charcot, the French Leader of the Hypnotic Crusade.

The doctors of London and Paris are getting excited of hypnotism. The few believe it to be an immense gain and a blessing to science; the majority are either actively hostile to it or quietly skeptical to the claims set up in its behalf. It requires a bold man to advocate the cultivation of the hypnotizing power, or gift, as will be seen from what follows: Dr. Charcot, the eminent Professeur de Clinique at the Hospice de Salt-

A HYPNOTIZED SUBJECT.

petriere in Paris, is bold enough to publish in the fullest way the particulars of the experiments he has for a long time been making. So is Dr. Milne Bramwell, a physician in Goole, England, who willingly shows his experiments to scientific investigators.

That the hypnotic power is capable of accomplishing wonders cannot be doubted. I, myself, says a London correspondent of the New York *Mail and Express*, recently saw a series of exceedingly interesting experiments, the subject being a French woman, young, comely and apparently of the peasant class. She was of a plegmatic temperament, dreamy-eyed and generally what we would call a weak-willed woman. The operator was a very positive person, a slim, wiry, keen-eyed Mephistophelean Frenchman. When she took her seat the operator came where I stood, about twenty feet or more away from her. He simply asked her to look into his eyes, he looking into hers at the same time. In a moment she was fast asleep, with her head sideways and her arms hanging listlessly down.

I asked the operator to cause the patient to do certain things such as lift a hand or finger, or cross or rearrange her feet. Though no word was spoken or whispered to the sleeping woman, and though the operator and myself were at the opposite end of the room, she obeyed every command of the operator's silent

OPERATING AT A DISTANCE.

will. When it came to my turn to test the experiment I took the operator right back to the door, quite forty feet distant from the sleeping girl, and there I whispered as low as I could in his ear something like this: "Let her raise her right arm, comb her hair with her fingers, and then take hold of her left hand on her knee." The operator never opened his lips nor moved from the spot, but he stared piercingly at his patient, and in a few seconds she performed the movements I had requested, slowly indeed, but without failure in any point.

To prove the soundness of the girl's sleep, and her insensibility to pain while in it, the operator borrowed a scarf-pin from a spectator and thrust it right through the fleshy part of the upper arm so that the point struck out an inch. She was then made to extend her arm and walk around us for close inspection, which lasted ten minutes by the watch, a feat which few strong men could do without letting the arm drop, even with-

THE VICTIM EXHAUSTED.

out a pin through it. There was no blood, and when the pin was withdrawn and the girl restored to consciousness she told us she only felt as though she had been pricked slightly.

Dr. Charcot divides the action of hypnotism (which means the state of perfect sleep) into three stages—first, lethargy; second, catalepsy, and third, somnambulism. On the recent visit to his place of an investigation Dr. Charcot produced a young woman of twenty-four, stoutly built, with a bright and intelligent face. She was a highly hysterical subject, habitually insensible to pain on the left half of the body. Dr. Charcot showed this by pricking her with a pin on each side. She was bidden to gaze intently on a point near and above her eyes, when she soon went off into unconsciousness, and the doctor closed her eyelids. Now the probe could be inserted anywhere without any signs of pain. By touching certain muscles, various actions were mechanically performed by the limbs and fingers and muscles of the face. Then the doctor pressed on certain tendons, the result being the stiffening of the whole body; so rigid was she that the doctor could place her head on the back of a chair and her heels on the floor without the girl falling.

The second, or cataleptic, stage was induced by the forcible opening of the girl's eyelids, resulting in a stare as of entrancement. In this state the girl was made to believe everything and anything. A gong was struck and she was told it was a church bell, upon which she struck a devotional attitude. A bit of red glass was put before her eyes with the information that the house was on fire, and at once she became frantic with terror. A number of other experiments followed, which most of us have seen done in exhibitions of mesmerism during the last thirty years; but whereas most of those vulgar performances were impostures, these hypnotic manifestations are undoubtedly genuine.

The third, or somnambulistic stage was induced by rubbing the girl's hair on top of her head. She now saw things around her as they were, but the reasoning power was deranged. Again she believed whatever was told her. One man was an iceberg, and she shivered when he came near her. She gnawed a steel file, believing it to be chocolate, and so on. In this stage the doctor could paralyze any limb at will.

WORTH, THE FAMOUS DRESSMAKER.

The Monarch of Dressmakers.

Few American women who have visited Europe are unfamiliar with the entresol on the Avenue de l'Opera in which Worth, the monarch of dressmakers, holds his court. Worth was originally a shopman in a large London dry goods store. He was promoted from the counter to become a buyer for the firm by which he was employed. In that capacity he visited Paris, and their conceived the idea of the dressmaking business which has made his name as familiar to women as that of Bismarck or Gladstone is to the world at large.

The portrait herewith is reproduced from the *Illustrated American*, which obtained from Worth the only photograph of himself that he ever consented to have published. It shows him in the costume in which he usually receives his subjects—the devotees of fashion—who will at once recognize the peculiar velvet cap, somewhat like a loose Tam o' Shanter, and the velvet-face dressing-gown which he effects.

Worth's manner is autocratic. He fully appreciates the fact that he has achieved greatness. He lives in a pretty villa buried in flowers, at Ville d'Avray, the suburb of Paris where Gambetta died. Worth receives his would-be customers with the dignified air of a veritable sovereign. He listens to their intimations of the style in which they believe the forthcoming costume should be "created," but he does not always follow their suggestions. He refuses to be fettered in any way in his "creations."

The interview ended he waves his fair visitor toward an adjoining room, where Mlle. Louise or some other of his chief assistants, perhaps "tries on" a dress of the style desired by the caller, and attends to the details of her order.

With a High Number on It.

First Burglar—"What do you like breaking into best, Bill?—a bank?"

Bill—"No; a bank-note."—*Lippincott.*

A Vessel Calked by a Fish.

A few days ago schooner Charleston, lumber laden, came in here leaking considerable. After engaging a berth on the marine railway the leak suddenly stopped, but the Captain concluded to haul on, as he had engaged the berth. When the vessel was docked it was discovered that there was quite a hole in the garboard seam, and a flounder had been sucked in and stopped the leak.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

"CANDLING" EGGS.

RAPID WORK IN THE EXAMINATION OF HEN FRUIT.

As Many as 3200 Dozen Eggs Handled in One Day by a Tester—Storing Eggs—Utilizing the Bad Eggs.

It was a room about ten by ten feet, without windows, and with only one door. The walls, ceiling and floor were painted black, an the funeral gloom seemed deeper and blacker under the rays of a single gas jet of many candle power.

Seated in front of the gas jet, and so close that he could touch the flames easily with his extended hands, was a smooth-faced, medium-sized man, whose gray eyes had a preternatural pupil dilation, like those of a cat. On either side of him was a box half filled with eggs, which he was engaged in shifting from one box to the other.

Taking five in his left hand and three in his right he juggled the lot before the light, shifting the eggs from the top to the bottom of his hand with astonishing rapidity. For a moment each egg was brought to the level of his dilated eyes, which were directly opposite the gas jet and did not blink in the powerful light. As the eggs were thus held each was skillfully turned until each portion of the shell was critically inspected. Like a well-constructed machine the man's arms and fingers worked, and the pile of eggs in one box decreased while the other receptacle was rapidly filled. Finally one box was emptied and the other was heaping full. Then the man's arms and fingers ceased to work and he turned to face his visitor.

"Yes," said he, to a Philadelphia *Press* reporter, "I am an egg-tester, and the process you have just witnessed is what we call 'candling' eggs. Formerly a candle was used, but it is not as satisfactory as gas. The burner we use was made specially for the purpose and gives a very powerful light. We have tried electricity, but it doesn't work. It dazzles the eyes, and after a while we can't tell a good egg from a bad one. As it is, egg-testing has its effect on the eyesight.

"I was reared at the business, and reckon that I am as expert as any man in the country. Just before Easter, when a great many eggs are coming in, I handle as many as 3200 dozen in a day. Every egg that comes into the establishment passes through my hands.

"The lot that I have just examined contains an unusually large number of what are known to the trade as 'floaters.' You will notice, if you hold the egg between your eyes and the light, a dark, almost black substance close to the shell. That is the yolk, which has settled through the albumen and is sticking fast to the shell. It is caused by allowing the egg to lie too long on one side. In summer time a 'floater' would be bad in two days, but now it will last a week.

"In the spring and summer we get a great many 'swimmers,' or halt-hatched eggs. They have been under the hen two or three days, and in the albumen is a little black spot, not larger than a pinhead. These eggs are all right in the winter time, but in the summer they soon become bad.

"When we receive more eggs than we have a market for, we store them for future use in an air-tight room, which is kept at a uniform temperature of thirty-five degrees. They are packed in flour barrels, in oats that are extra cleaned. In the bottom of the barrel we put two or three inches of clean hay, then a couple of inches of oats, on which we put a layer of eggs, with the flat side down. Between the layers are oats, and on the top of the filled barrel we put more hay. The barrels are placed on their sides, and they will keep in that condition for eighteen months, perfectly fresh and good. These eggs are not worth much now. When we fetch them out next winter, they will bring twenty-three or twenty-four cents.

"Somtimes we wax eggs to preserve them, but this gives the shell a glossy appearance that injures their sale. In this process beeswax is melted, and when very warm the eggs are dipped into it, and the pores of the shell are thus stopped up. Then there are also liming and pickling as means of preservation. The shell of a limed egg is always rough, while that of a pickled egg is smooth. If you examine the latter before a gas jet, the white looks watery, and if broken and eaten the albumen will taste salty. You can't boil either a limed or a pickled egg. Both lime and pickle eat into the shell, and make it very thin and fragile. When you put them into hot water the shell cracks open and the albumen oozes out."

"What do you do with the bad eggs?"

"If they are too utterly bad we throw them away; ones that are a little 'off' bring three cents a dozen."

"To what possible use can those eggs be put?"

"The yolks are used by morocco finishers in their business."

"And the whites?"

"You'll be surprised if I tell you that confectioners use them in making fancy cakes. They can't use a musty egg, though. The best eggs that are sent to us come from the West. A frosted egg becomes watery and cracks. The cracks close, though, when it is thawed out, but will open again when it is placed in boiling water. An egg that is six or nine months old is graded by dealers as fresh. Cracked eggs bring two-thirds price.

A Marshal's Brave Wife.

Ben Thompson, City Marshal of Austin, Texas, who was killed in a hand-to-hand encounter with Kingfisher in a theatre in San Antonio, had the terrible record of having killed thirteen white men and over twice that many Mexicans and Indians. He was a handsome man of forty-five, with small, black mustache and hazel eyes. His wife had but one arm. The other had been shattered by a Winchester ball in Denver when she threw it across her husband's head upon discovering a crouching form drawing a bead on him.—*Chicago Post.*

LOST.

Lost—somewhere here, I think it was,
Between noontime and night—
A pair of precious, priceless things
All full of sunny light;
And each was made of tiny links—
Pure gold from tip to tip—
And sixty of these links were joined
In cunning workmanship.

Upon each tiny link there lay
A diamond bright and clear,
Could I have lost them, do you think,
As I was coming here?
I fear that they began to slip
When I was in the lane
And filled my mouth with raspberries
And both my hands with stain!

When I stretched out upon the grass
And had that lovely dream,
I'm sure a dozen links or so
Slippe down into the stream.
And many more I must have lost
When I went slowly down
Beneath the forest trees that make
A cooler path to town.

These several links—I felt them go
When loitering at the gate—
Slipped from my hand, although I knew
That I was very late!
Gone are the precious jeweled links
'Mongst berries, brooks and flowers—
And no reward could bring me back
Those two lost sunny hours!

—*Detroit Free Press.*

PITH AND POINT.

The smart trout doesn't "catch on."—*Springfield Democrat.*

A pawnbroker should live up to his pledges.—*Texas Siftings.*

The glutton can never tell when he has enough, because he never has.—*Judge.*

A shortcake must, indeed, be short when it can't raise the wherewith to berry itself decently.—*Puck.*

In a Military Hospital. "And whereabouts do you feel worst, Corporal?" "On sentry-duty, Doctor."—*Judge.*

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is generally true that women who don't fancy work do fancy work.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Strange to say, very few fans are pawned, although it is very easy to "raise the wind" with them.—*Boston Bulletin.*

'Twas on the cheek I kissed her—
She made resistance weak;
But murmured as she felt my lips:
"Well I think you have the cheek!"
—*Puck.*

Labor is honorable; always excepting, possibly, the laboring jaw of the demagogue or ignoramus.—*Olathe (Kan.) Mirror.*

Bronson—"Who shall decide when the doctors disagree?" Johnson—"The coroner generally has to do it."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

No no matter what sized shoe a man wears, his feet, if perfect, should measure two feet ten. Counting his toes.—*Dansville Breeze*

"Batter's out," sang the cook, as she slapped down the last griddle-cake. "There are no flies on this pitcher."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

I love books on music and dress,
Books on painting my spirit enthrall;
Yet here frankly I'm bound to confess
That my cheque-book I love best of all.
—*Judge.*

The best cure for obesity is to board for the summer at a farm-house where you will be treated "like one of the family."—*Boston Gazette.*

A man over in Paris makes a living by waking folks whose business necessitates their rising early; he does a rousing business.—*Peck's Sun.*

Jack—"Do you remember old Lord Grumly?" Maud—"No. He died before I was born; but you remember him, do you not, Edith?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Sweetam—"She smiled on my suit. Robbins, old boy." Robbins—"Well, I think she might. The wonder is she didn't go into hysterics."—*Boston Herald.*

Her figure scarcely would entice,
Although in love I pledge her.
The only place it looks so nice
Is in the bank's big ledger.
—*New York Sun.*

Robinson—"Do you know that you have the reputation among your creditors of being very polite?" Travers—"Of course. I always ask them to call again."

"I've changed my mind since I saw you last," said Cadley. "I hope the new one is better than the last," put in Cynicus, and Cadley got mad.—*New York Herald.*

Mrs. Cumso—"John, dear, I wish you wouldn't get your hair cut as short as that." Cumso—"Why?" Mrs. Cumso—"It looks like a reflection on my amiability."

A fly crawled into a syrup jug,
And issued a sadder and wiser bug;
And he cried in a voice that was shrill and loud,
"Though I'm stuck up I am not proud!"
—*Lawrence American.*

Henry M. Stanley will improve the time between now and his marriage by delivering fifty lectures in America. After marriage Henry will be the audience.—*Buffalo News.*

"I think that Venus de Milo is a horrid, homely thing," said Juno, in a rage. "Oh, come, now, Juno," put in Jupiter, "don't attack a defenseless, unarmed woman."—*New York Rocket.*

Sufferer—"I called, doctor, to see if you could relieve me of this excruciating pain from a bad tooth." Dentist—"Certainly, madam. Step right into my drawing-room."—*Chicago Times.*

"I come," the lecturer began,
And then he gave a gentle cough,
For in the audience a man
Irreverently said, "Come off!"
—*New York Herald.*

Little Johnny—"You ought to have seen Mr. Merritt and sister make lemonade." Mrs. Brown—"How did they do it?" Little Johnny—"Cora held the lemon while Mr. Merritt squeezed Cora."—*Drake's Magazine.*

A health journal says in going upstairs the mouth should be kept closed. Most wives understand this. It is not until after they have got their husbands upstairs that they begin to open their mouths.—*Statesman.*